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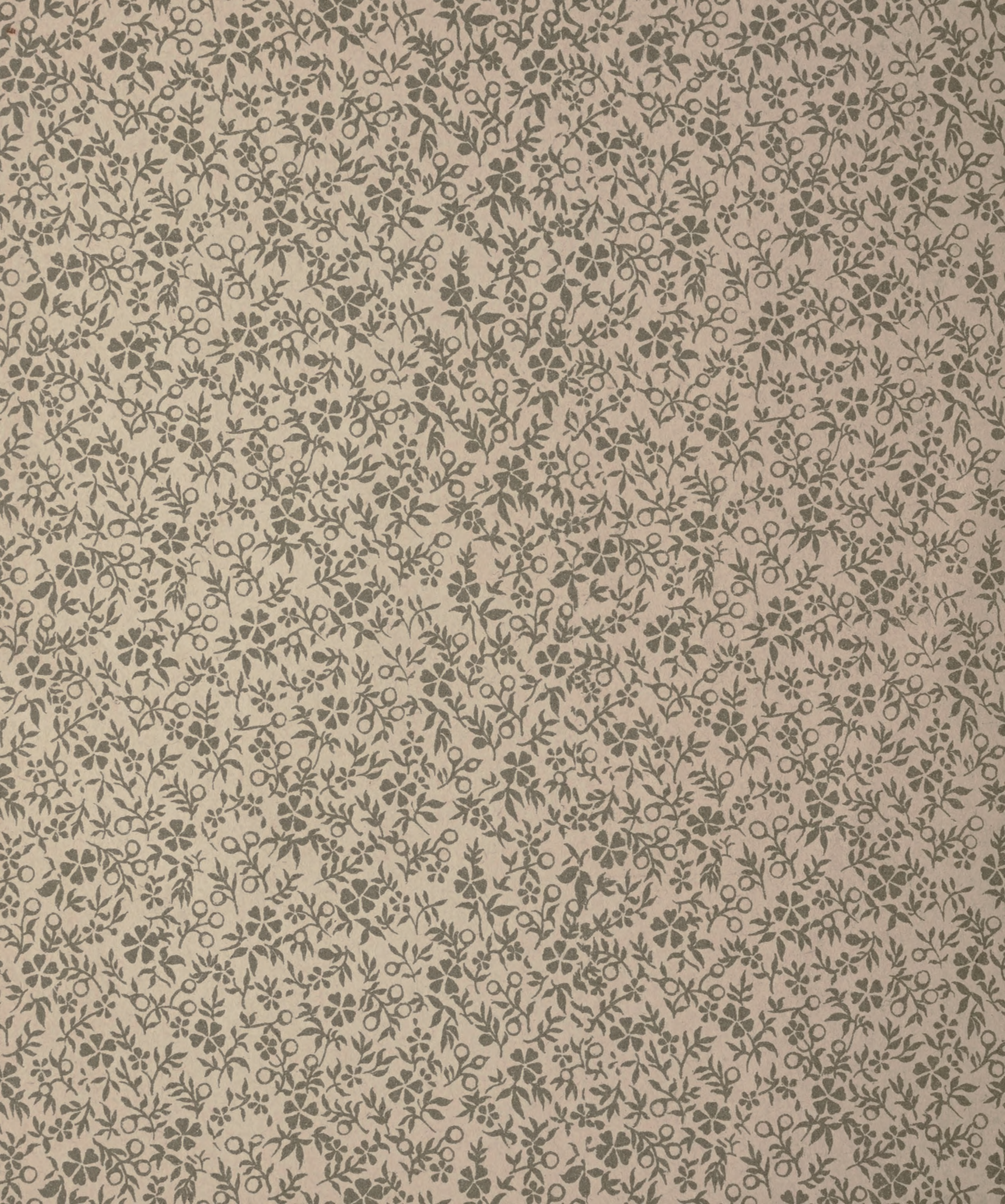
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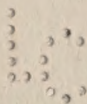
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With Compliments of the
Author, Myra Morgan
1417 Rhode Island Ave
Washington, D.C.

The Little Girl
and the
Goblin

The Birds
and Other Poems

By
MYRA BOYD MORGAN

Illustrations by
CLIFFORD BERRYMAN

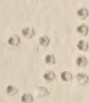


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MAY 31 1912





This little story was written by Myra Morgan, at the age of eight years. It was written unaided and in secret, and is herein printed from her original manuscript, uncorrected, as she wrote it.

July, 1908

As the story was written, so also the verses: always unaided.

April, 1912.

*I wrote this story for a
surprise for my
dear Taver and my dear
Mother because they
are so sweet.*

MYRA MORGAN.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE GOBOLIN

One day there was a little girl and her name was Pandora and she was called Pandora Oh for long. One day in June Pandora said to Mamma May I go in the woods. It was all dark there a robin twittered and then there was a great big noise and a gobolin came and took her to his den.

At home Pandoras Mamma was looking for her little girl and her Papa was returning home he feared something had happened. And when he heard what had happened he ran to a mans house and got a gun. He kissed the Mamma and said goodbye.

The Gobolin said Come to me little Miss I have a little game I can teach you said the Gobolin but while the Gobolin was talk-

ing a fairy came and said
Little girl I will set you
free and the little girl said
All right.

Well one night when the
Gobolin was sleeping in
came the fairy and said
Come with me. So Pan-
dora said I will come with
you. So the fairy and
Pandora went to little Pan-
doras home and kissed the
Mamma and Papa. But
the Gobolin when he awoke
he was mad and went to look

for her. But the Papa had been out looking for Pandora and he not knowingly got the Gobolin in a bad fix so he could do nothing. Then the Gobolin said Let me go and I will never steal your little girl. But the man said No you are going to come to my house and live with us. But the Gobolin was nowhere to be seen and the man walked on he saw his house and his little Pandora standing at the door.

But all of a sudden there was a gobble and there was the Gobolin saying Thank you man and the man was a kissing his little Pandora.

One day when the man and Pandora and the Gobolin were talking the Gobolin said I have a palace if you want to see it you must come with me. And Pandora and the Gobolin and Mr. and Mrs. Brown and the fairy went to the house. When the man and the lady

and Pandora saw the palace
they liked it and they lived
there a long time.

When the kings son came
through the woods and at
once fell in love with Pan-
dora and said May I have
your daughter. And the
man said You may have
my daughter little Prince.
Then the Prince was happy
and he sang a song of love
to her. And Pandora did
like the little Prince and the
Prince liked the little Miss.

So the Prince and Princess married and lived happy as a king and queen and never were sad. And their mother and father lived as happy as a mother and father could. Then a Dragon came and said I have come to eat you up and he rushed upon them and ate up the fairy. But the fairy took a tiny wand and pounded on the dragons teeth and it pained him so he spat the fairy up. But just then the Prince and

Princess appeared and scared
the Dragon. And the King
and Queen took the mother
and father to the palace and
they lived there happy ever
after.

The End.

BY MYRA BOYD MORGAN

July, 1908

WHY THE SKY IS BLUE.

Once the sky was painted white all the time and there was no sun and the earth was cold and barren.

Now it happened that in the north of the sky there was born a beautiful baby boy and he was named sun. He grew and grew until he was a young man. Everywhere he went

he shed a great light and all who knew him loved him.

One day he got a message from a dear friend saying that his sister was very sick and wanted him. So he started. It was painting day in the sky and one of the fairies had left a bucket of blue paint in the road. Sun was hurrying along and was not looking where he was going when,— splash ! splash ! over went the bucket and out rolled the blue paint all over the sky.

He was so frightened that he did not know what to do, so he took out his pocket handkerchief and tried to wipe it off, but it was dry and he could not get it off.

Just then one of the Gods came out and saw what had happened. He was terribly angry and called out: "Who has done this?" Then he spied the young man. "Did you do that?" then he said "I know you did, for there is some paint on your shoes.

your punishment will be that you must stay in this part of the sky for days, but sometimes a person called Rain will take your place and then you may go anywhere you like while you are resting."

All the gods hated blue, for it hurt their eyes, so they went away and were never heard of again.

And when it rains you will know that Sun is having a rest. That is why the sky is blue.

April 9, 1912

Poems



I.

THE BIRDS

The beautiful birds they sing
to me

They fly far over the wide
open sea

They sing their pretty songs
to me

In my old — old apple tree.

June, 1905.



II.

The snow will melt
The rain will dry
And after that—
A clear blue sky.

June, 1905



III.

THE FAIRY

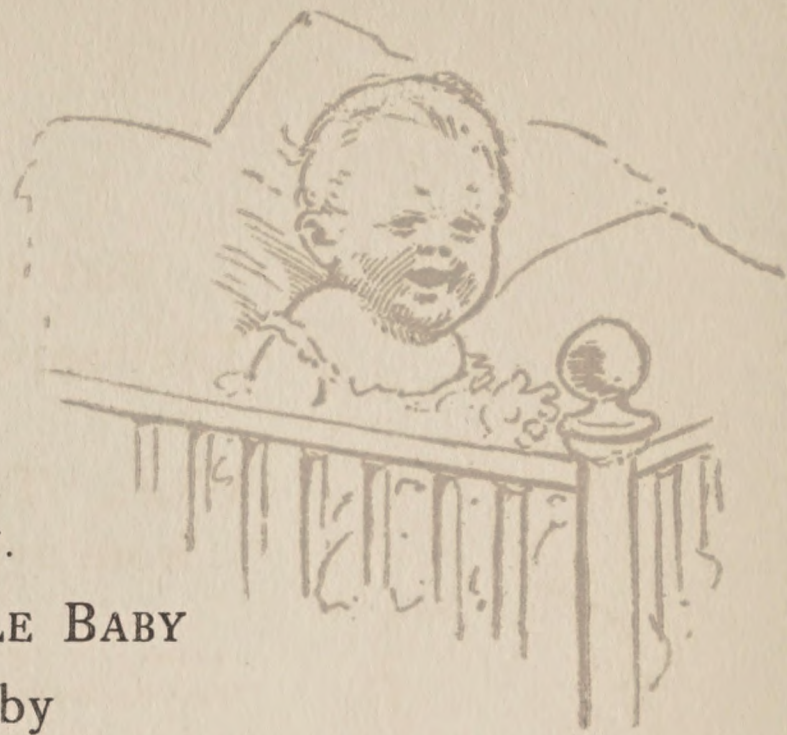
Out in the woods so dark and
drear

In this wood lived a fairy
dear

The wood was dark the fairy
was cold

Dear little fairy of you we are
told.

June, 1908.



IV.

A LITTLE BABY

I am a little baby
What good can I do?
I can make people happy
By my cheerful coo-coo.

I am a little girl
What good can I do?
I can try to be good
I can try to be true.

January, 1909.



V.

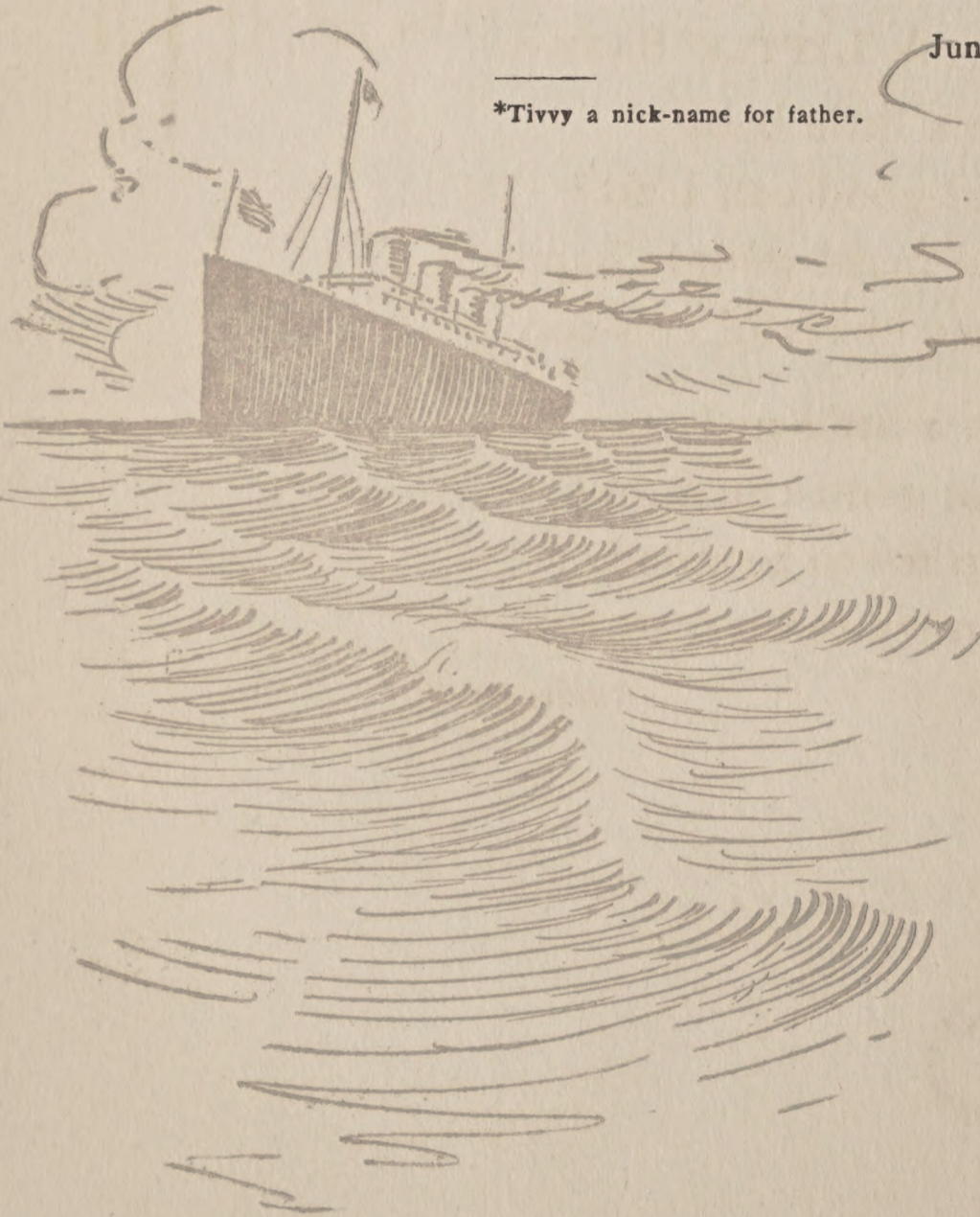
THE HAPPIEST DAY

The happiest day for me will
be

When *Tivvy comes home
from over the sea.

June 19, 1909.

*Tivvy a nick-name for father.





VI.

THE OLD APPLE TREES
AT HIDEAWAY

I love the old, old apple trees
They dance and whisper in
the breeze

I love to watch their branches
sway

That makes for me a happy
day.

June 17, 1909.



VII.

THE RAIN

Sweet and gentle little rain
Pattering on the window
pane
Through the happy long
night hours
You are watering the flow-
ers.

July 3, 1909.

VIII.

MY MOTHER

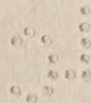
My mother is so sweet and
fair

She has such pretty golden
hair

It almost takes my breath
away

When she comes out with
me to play.

July, 1909.



IX.

THE STEED

Faster, faster, faster
Runs this noble steed
Taking his dear master
Where the war paths lead.

Faster faster faster
Right into the fray
Helping his dear master
To win the glorious day.

May, 1911.





x.

SPRING

When the birds begin to sing
Then we know that it is
spring

Everybody's happy then
Specially me and "Jenny
Wren"

Out in the orchard under the
trees

In the spring there is always
a breeze

And I swing up, Oh! so high
Often it seems if I'd reach
the sky.

March 1, 1912.






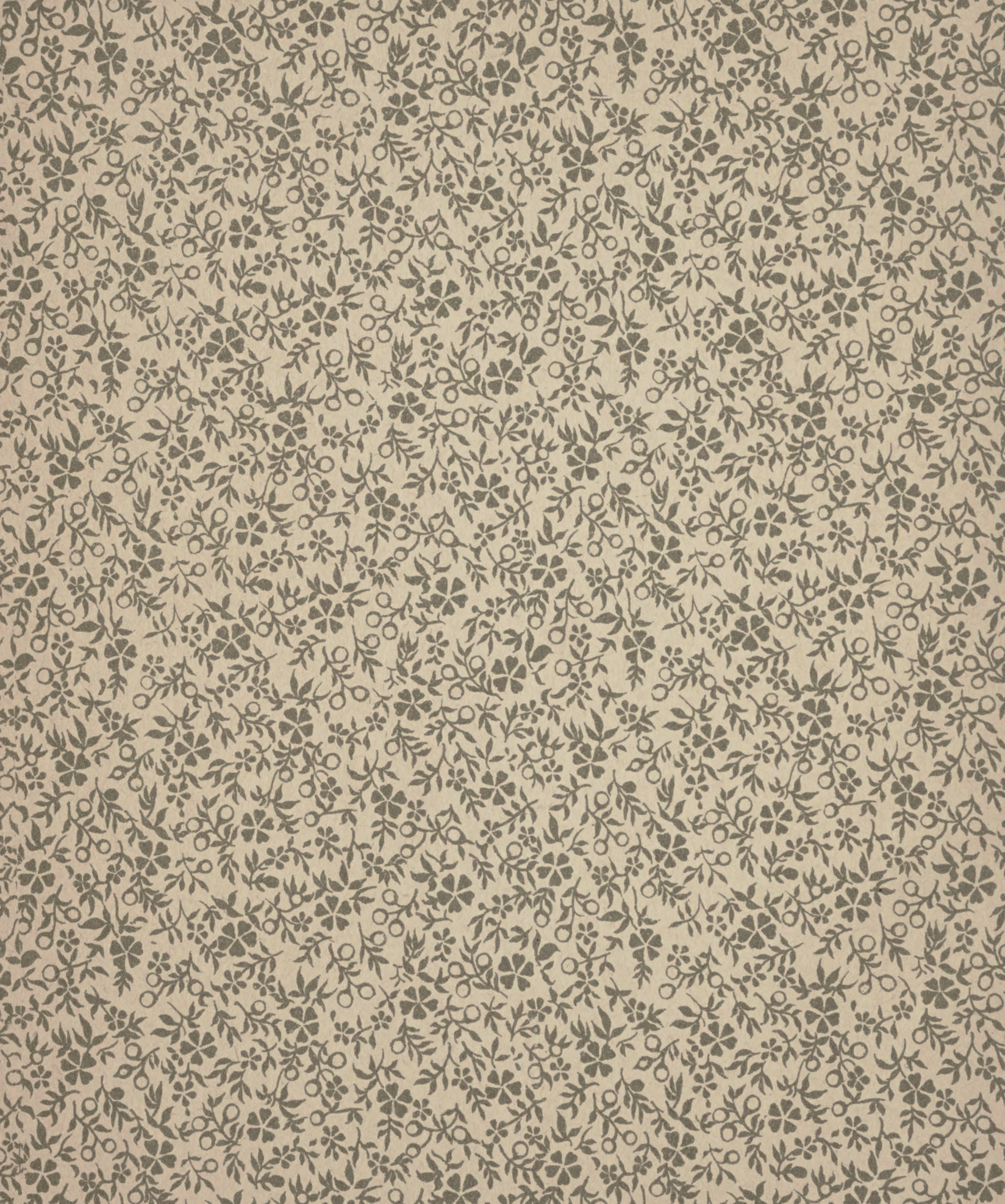
XI.

THE HUNTING HORN

Hear the hunting horn
Early in the morn
With hounds after hare,
On my big black mare,
We go dashing away
Past fields full of hay.
It makes me feel happy
The rest of the day.

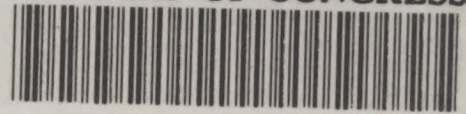
March 1, 1912.







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